

THE DIVIDE OF HOME

Merchant Lady's Harem Adventures

Season 7



J. Tiffany Moore

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Merchant Zayed's Harem Adventures 7

by

J. Tiffany Moore

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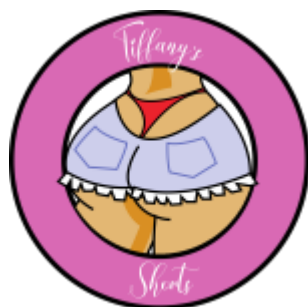
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The Divide of Home

Across the waters, in Scheherazade's land, Merchant Zayed faces betrayal—and finds that a journey of greed offers no comfort to a wounded soul.



“Open, O Pearl-Shell!” Captain Nisbad takes a step back at the crack of the sea cave.

It was the second time it refused to open. The break remains closed. The air hangs thick with salt.

Nazreen watches the water. “Maybe he lied.”

Nisbad's eyes follow the last bubble rising where he threw the merchant overboard. “He didn't. Apparently, the magic phrase only works for him.” He scans the rockface.

“What do we do now?”

Nisbad's hand lifts, pointing to a narrow slit high above the waterline. A seam barely visible, like a second mouth.

“No one can climb up there...”

“Then we use a flying carpet...”

Nazreen can't tell if he's being serious or not. “He'll never come here with you.”

“But he will for you, my dear Nazreen.”



“Arash, a man of your stature simply cannot live outside the city on a small farm.”

His elder brother's words don't reach his mind. There is only room for Rohzin and Cyrene's tears and sobs up there. His dismissal was too severe, but then so was their betrayal. Rohzin? Some magical creature built to seduce him!

If Atossa hadn't asked him to give their confession more thought, he would have banned them from his home there and then.

“A friend of mine tells me the Emir's Keeper of the Grounds has been promoted to governor. His palace will be up for sale. My friend says he can get

it at a good price, Arash. We can all go live there. Our wives will get along splendidly, I'm sure." Parviz holds his hands open in question. "Arash, this is the opportunity of a lifetime."

The memory of Naaira's transformation makes everything sting more. It seems everyone knew about the secrets of the *zambānūg* except for him. His mother and every wife played him for the fool he is.

"But we have to move fast, little brother. Others will bid on that palace as well."

Forcing himself to heed the words of his second wife, with a bitter taste in his mouth, he tells his brother he will consider the proposition.

"Don't tarry," Parviz wags his finger.

After Parviz leaves, Arash finally has some peace and quiet, but there's a knock on his door again.

"What is it!"

Trembling through the crack in his door, the young servant girl says there's a woman asking for him.

Zayed heads for the front door and gasps when he sees who it is.



The smell of the Caspian Sea announces their arrival in Ramsar, only a day's ride away.

The wounded silence at home when he said he would go with Nazreen hangs over him like a dark cloud. How did it come to this? That he prefers to leave with a woman who betrayed him instead of staying with his family... Zayed convinced himself the ride would do him good. Then again, he noticed Nazreen's frown when he said he didn't have the flying carpet anymore. Instead, he brought the *Ring of Felinia's Embrace*. And now, he dislikes Nisbad's grin when he arrives at the port.



Nisbad frowns when Zayed answers "She's my wife now" to his question about the flying carpet. Nazreen shrugs her shoulders. This was the answer on the way to Ramsar as well.

The captain forces a smile and puts his arm over Zayed's shoulders. "I have a business proposition, my friend."

Zayed again wonders why he decided to go with Nazreen to meet Captain Nisbad. They wanted to steal the haoma plant and kill him the first time they met him on the Vourukash Sea. While preparing for Naaira's transformation, Ruksana explained that it is a life-giving plant. Eyebrows raised, Arash watched Ruksana mold the boiled leaves into a figure of a woman. The seeress asked the magic carpet what she wanted to look like as a woman. Despite the carpet's Rubia red coloring, Zayed is sure he could see Naaira blush while describing her new breasts and pussy. How he recalls partaking in them on their second wedding night.

He shrugs away an image of Ruksana and his mother creating Rohzin the same way. The questions his mother asked about the women he liked and admired all made sense now. For Naaira, there already was a personality, but for Rohzin, his mother used the information he gave her.

And she was perfect.

He recalls finding Rohzin bent over, examining the wheel of her carriage, her beautiful round ass, her voluptuous hips, and her generous breasts. When she turned out to be a shrewd merchant in her own rights, how could he not fall deeply, madly in love with her. It never happened to him before. He never took a woman to his bed this soon after meeting. That night was one of the most magical in his life, and now he knows why: it was all a deception! So is Atossa's love for him. She admired how he showed restraint in the cavern of desire because of his love for Rohzin. And if his love for this... creature is false, then so is the love for Atossa... and Naaira, who is born from the same magic. His mother's love is false because she only wanted the propriety of a wedded son to stop the neighbors from questioning whether he liked women at all.

Everything in his life is a lie.

And now these two pirates want to involve him in another one. There is no business proposition, it's a scheme that will benefit only Nisbad and Nazreen.

What is he doing here?

Hmmph. He had nowhere else to go. What does that say about his life?

Parviz is just as bad as Nisbad: men who want others to do all the work and reap the benefits for themselves.

Zayed looks at Nisbad's fake smile, then heads down the gangplank again.

“My friend,” Nisbad calls after him, “You haven’t heard my proposal yet...”

Zayed now only wants to make sure Shaheen is fed and rested before going... where?

He sighs and wanders off along the coastline where the waves drown out Nisbad’s pleas.

A new voice makes him turn: “Zayed, my love.”

Arash scans the beach but doesn’t see anyone.

“In the sea, my hero.”

The merchant turns again. Magali dances on the waves before gliding onto the sand. She’s as beautiful as he remembers: the mermaid who saved him from Nisbad. How fateful that she should be here as well.

Ah, Fate.

Their embrace is warm.

Magali scratches his beard and kisses him. “You look well, my love.”

“And you look breathtaking as ever.”

“Even through my sorrow?”

“What causes this sorrow, Magali? Is there anything I can do to relieve it?”

“You can only help me if you sail with Nisbad.”



“Very well. Let’s hear your proposal.”

Nisbad didn’t hear Zayed come into his cabin. He removes his hand from his sword. Nazreen enters as well.

Nisbad leans back into his chair. The merchant’s slight is not yet forgotten. “I don’t think you can help without a flying carpet. I’m sorry for wasting your time.”

Zayed squints his eyes. It’s the thought of Magali that makes him pause. But he turns around and storms off anyway.

Wide-eyed, Nazreen looks at Nisbad. The captain drinks from his goblet. “He has nothing we need. Don’t give me that look.”

“He has a magic ring that might.”

“What magic ring?” Nisbad sits up straight. “Get him back here!”

“Get him back yourself,” she says leaving the cabin.

On the beach, Zayed curses his temper, but he won’t crawl back to that man.

“Zayed! My friend! Come, let’s get past our misunderstanding,” the captain waves from the forecandle.

It’s Magali’s pleading glance in the distance that makes Zayed return to the ship.

Sipping on a goblet of sweet wine from Antioch, Nisbad tells Zayed just enough about the sea trader’s cave, the magic rockface to whet his appetite. He laughs at Zayed’s sour face when he tastes the wine. These sophisticates prefer theirs watered down—if their faith allows them to drink it at all. Or maybe his delicate palate only accepts it when it’s honeyed. This one is robust and sweet with fruit. Just like tits, fruit should be ripe.



“No, Parviz, I will not make Arash return home. He is on a trip.”

“But Princess, he will miss the opportunity to buy the palace of the Keeper of the Grounds.”

“Poor little brother. Are you preparing to move into his palace already? That jewel hidden within the heart of the city, behind high, unblemished mud-brick walls?”

“I am his elder brother. I will not be spoken to in this manner. Not even by a princess. You will respect the family hierarchy in this home! Tell her, mother!” Parviz crosses his arms.

Cyrene starts at hearing her name, her thoughts raw with Zayed’s accusations and departure.

“Mother! Tell this second wife she must know her place.”

The last thing Cyrene can handle is another conflict in her home. Pained, she motions it all away and runs up the stairs.

“Mother! Come down this instant and tell...”

“Shut up, Parviz or I’ll make sure you will never set foot into the halls that whisper tales of exquisite taste and boundless resources.”

“You will not speak to me this way! I am the master of this house.”

“Arash is the master of this house.”

“In his absence, it falls to me!”

“No, to Rohzin.”



“There are riches in that cave that you can’t begin to imagine: merchandise from far and wide, mystical creatures, magic artifacts. But then, you know about that already, don’t you? Why don’t you tell me about your ring, my dear Zayed?”

It’s the creatures that concern Arash the most, specifically Magali’s daughters... His daughters... He remembers feeling the spark of life during their lovemaking.

His daughters.

And he forgot all about them until Magali asked for his help. A lot has happened since then—but to forget your own daughters?

Nisbad grins. Zayed’s silence is a negotiation ploy, of course. “You can take away everything you can carry from that repository.” That can’t be that much, even if he does have a flying carpet. “You will be wealthy beyond your dreams.”

Zayed is already wealthy. More than he ever dreamt of. The trade route with the Xšāça, his ‘share’ in Javad’s treasure, the Emir’s favor that elevates his own trades...

What he learned he wanted was the love of a family.

His family... At home, it is false and here at sea, it is forgotten.

“Can I carry it in a bag?” Zayed asks, surprising Nisbad.

“In a sack, in a crate, in a chest, in your pockets if you like, my friend.”

“Can I ask someone to help me carry it?”

Nisbad considers this. “One other only.”

“Deal.” The merchant extends his hand.

The captain shakes it. The merchant must be losing his touch. He won’t be able to take any treasure with him if he can’t open the rockface, and he won’t be able to climb the rock to the second mouth with a heavy burden.

Nisbad? He intends to keep it hidden there and take out only what he needs, and only when he needs it.

It’s better this way. Before, Nisbad considered taking the flying carpet and throwing Zayed overboard—again. Maybe he still will. It depends on what the merchant picks out from the repository.

The captain looks outside. It will be only a few more hours before they reach their destination.



“How dare that woman! He’s the man in the house! Only because she is a princess.” Parviz paces through the garden. How can his brother be so ungrateful leaving like that, at the very moment he brought him such a rare opportunity.

Parviz desperately needs to move in with Arash; he will have to sell his home to settle his debts. Those thieves swindled him, he’s sure of it!

He can only hold them off for a week or so longer.

Maybe he should have told Arash about his situation. His little brother would want to help him out, right? Maybe, but buying the palace and moving in together is much better. He’ll have a normal reason to sell his home, pay his debts... He can then partner up with Arash, do some trade, make some lucrative deals.

In the meanwhile, his brother will pay for the households. Of course! It will be his palace after all. Parviz and his family will be honored guests. And you don’t make guests pay for their stay, do you?



When Zayed whispers to the *Ring of Felinia’s Embrace*, a purple cloud puffs around him. Nisbad can’t believe it when two curvy and powerful cat women take shape. A graceful lioness stands on two legs, lithe and muscular, with soft golden fur and a short golden mane that frames her exquisite face. She has eyes like twin pools of liquid amber that sparkle with passion, and her smile can melt the coldest of hearts.

The appearing leopardess exudes a raw sensuality, that is both captivating and dangerous. Her muscles are honed and ripple beneath her velvety skin, showing a fluid blend of feline grace and human poise. She has an air of quiet confidence and her presence commands attention without demanding it.

They dismiss Nisbad but eye Nazreen curiously. With a wicked smile they both kiss Zayed on the cheek—kisses that contain the promise of a rapturous, passionate, and satisfying night.

Nazreen feels her neck burn.

Shayzar and Shirin, instructed by their master, examine the colossal rockface—solid, sturdy, impenetrable.

Nisbad takes a step back as they disappear in a blink. No, wait... They jumped up and now climb the rock with alluring grace and ease.

The air inside the repository cavern is thick with spice and salt, the musk of cinnamon pods tangled with the brine of seaweed and the faint perfume of crushed damask rose. Crates of saffron and indigo crowd low scaffolding. Glowing lanterns float on chains, their flames blue and steady, illuminating stalls of enchanted metals: blades that know the names of their targets, rings that tighten at lies, coins that multiply when flipped beneath moonlight.

Shirin and Shayzar look for the creatures. A firebird dozes in a domed cage of brass, ember-warm even in sleep. A selkie-child sobs silently, mouth covered with silk thread, its eyes bright as polished silver. Beneath a suspended pool of water—levitating, held in shape by spell alone—swim twin sea-maidens with hair like green ribbons. Behind all the wonder, the repository holds a thrum of cruelty: the knowledge that none of this is truly free, that many things here were not given but taken. There! In a giant ceramic pool, the daughters of Magali swim in lost circles.

The felines also take note of the lack of guards.



Nazreen takes Zayed's dinner to his cabin. She just left Nisbad, gleefully rubbing his hands at the description the felines came back with.

She pushes open the door—Shayzar and Shirin are on him, purring around his cock. Their furry nakedness is more enticing than she imagined.

Before she can protest, the felines undress her, lay her next to Zayed, and quickly find her pussy. With him nibbling on her nipples, Nazreen crashes into the first of what will be many orgasms that night of groans, sighs, moans, sucking, licking, and fucking.



Nazreen still tingles. It took her half an hour and two more orgasms to wash off Zayed's load onto their three faces, and the heights she climbed during the night.

Nisbad laughs at her rosy cheeks. “So, I guess you found out more about that ring?”

That all-business question douses her remaining flames quicker than a dip in the Caspian. “He calls it the *Ring of Felinia’s Embrace*. He took it off Javad the Sorcerer.”

“Yes, yes, but what are its powers? Can the cat-women fight an army? Can they grant three wishes? What?”

“He doesn’t know how powerful they are, but you’ve seen what they can do. Important is that you can’t take the ring against the owner’s will, it won’t work for you.”

“Magic! That’s alright. If I kill him, I simply take it off him. He won’t be able to say ‘no’ then, will he?” When he sees her shocked face, he continues, “What? You knew this was the plan all along, Nazreen. Ooh, do you have feelings for our handsome merchant? Don’t!” Nisbad marches off to the deck.

Nazreen sighs.



Naaira and Noor follow Parviz to a tavern in Qazwin. They are happy to be out of the house. Arash’s anger still clouds the mood. Cyrene, Rohzin, Atossa, and Noor feel responsible. They knew about Rohzin but didn’t say anything. Naaira wonders if Zayed is angry at her for being a *zambānūg* as well.

Then there is the added conflict with Parviz. Atossa doesn’t want to think about him. Cyrene and Rohzin try to avoid him. Noor discussed him with Naaira. With their combined thousands of years of human knowledge, they quickly realized something else was going on. For men it’s either money or women. By the intense talk Parviz is having with another man, it’s about money.

When Naaira turns to Noor, she sees a young man standing where she was. She smiles. “Now you can go into the tavern.” The young man smiles back and heads inside. Noor manages to find a table close to Parviz.

It’s about money. An entire livelihood of money.

Noor and Naaira return home to tell the others.



After spending his morning between the tits and thighs of Shayzar and Shirin, Zayed refreshes himself with a dive in the sea.

Nazreen follows his naked form swimming around the ship.

Zayed asked the felines to start the rescue of Magali's daughters tonight.

They said it would be easy to climb them out one by one and release them in the sea. There's only six of them.

Six...

He has six daughters. What will they think of him? Will they hate him for not being there? Magali assured him that mermaids are used to being with other mermaids, not men.

Still...

He'd like to meet them before they swim away.

"Zayed!" Nisbad calls from the deck.

In the captain's cabin, Nisbad explains the scaffolding he'll build to be able to climb up to the mouth. He wants the felines to rig pulleys up there. It's what Zayed expected.



Zayed had to cancel the rescue. Nisbad wanted his men work on the scaffolding through the night. Shayzar and Shirin helped. The captain couldn't be happier with the progress. It's decided: he will keep them. The merchant will meet his untimely end at sea soon.



"It's a problem of his own making, Noor. Why do you care?" Atossa asks.

"Zayed will never forgive us if we let his brother down like this," the peri answers.

"Does it matter? He can't forgive us now anyway. This won't change that, will it?"

"It will make things worse..."

"They are already worse, Noor."

"Atossa..."

The princess motions them away. "Do whatever you want. I'll have no part in it."

Naaira hugs Rohzin who's trying to hold back her tears.

Yesterday, Rohzin visited Ruksana. It was a sober meeting. Ruksana also feels responsible for the situation. On top of that, she had to tell her that if the

object of a *zambānūg* ‘s affection rejects it, it will wither away.



“I’ll get them out, Magali,” Zayed says in between kisses.

“I know you will, my love” the mermaid answers tugging his cock to life.

Arash nuzzles her neck delighting in her ministrations. Her other scaly hand tickles his balls. He kneads her breasts, twiddles her nipples, and gives them short pecks. Then, he pulls on them with his lips.

Magali speeds up her caresses of his member. When he ughs in her neck, she slows down, feeling his cock sputter. Looking down, his sperm drifts through the water before sinking to a water plant that will feed on it. Even this way, his seed brings life.



High in the second mouth, Shayzar and Shirin pulley up more wood for the scaffolding. Then, their ears prick up.

“Zayed, look out!”



Arash evades the sailor’s sword. Nazreen crashes her dinner tray on the head of another. The third pushes her inside. She tumbles into Zayed’s arms, and they both fall.

There’s nowhere to go. The sailors block their escape.

Zayed checks on Nazreen. If she hadn’t warned him... He sits up.

The sailors like Nazreen, but the captain’s orders are clear: “If she joins Zayed, she dies with him.”

Shayzar and Shirin’s growl blast through any courage the sailors could have left. Turning, they see only flashes of claws and teeth before everything goes black.

Backed by more of his men, Nisbad hurries toward the cabin. They find the bloody pulps of the three sailors. He orders his men to close the door and hammer it shut.

Zayed holds the felines back. They need a plan first.

Nisbad leaves six men to guard the door. He needs a plan. Without the felines, the work will take a lot longer. He can’t spare the men to contain Zayed either. That Nazreen sided with Zayed stings, even though he saw it coming.

But there was nothing he could do about it. He slams his fist on his desk. Well, at least he still has the upper hand.



Parviz had hoped that by negotiating with Bazrin's men in Qazwin, where his brother lives, he could keep things away from his family and business in Isfahan. Now, a messenger brings him an alarming letter from his first wife: Barzin's men are asking where he is and where their money is. If Arash doesn't return soon to help him...



"Ship ho!" the crow's nest calls out.

Peering toward the horizon, his hand covering his eyes from the sun, Captain Nisbad recognizes the ship from his rival sea trader, Tyrus. They are returning to their repository. The scaffolding isn't finished yet.

If he runs, he'll lose the treasure he promised his men. If he stays, he will have to face that ship. If he does, then Zayed and those felines could attack him from behind. On the other hand, if Zayed wants to live, his best course is to join Nisbad in battle. Yes, Nazreen wants to live. She'll talk sense into the merchant and his cats.



"This is no affair of yours, Princess," Parviz waves his hand at her for her to leave.

Atossa has had enough, but Noor holds her back. "I'm afraid you made it our affair by hiding here. Not only did you place your own family in danger, you're doing that to your mother and your brother's family as well. Please tell us what is going on, so we can help."

"Pfff! What can mere women do? I will only talk to Arash."

"Parviz Zayed!" The steel voice puts Parviz at attention. Cyrene's face isn't red and flustered it is tight and controlled. "You will tell us this instant."

The last time Parviz heard that voice, he was six—he peed his pants.



"Nazreen comes with me."

"Nazreen? You will be lucky to stay alive."

"No thanks to you, Nisbad. Well?"

Nisbad looks at the approaching ship then at Zayed's passive face. Nazreen is too stunned. The cats stand at the merchant's sides watching Nisbad's men.

His shoulders fall. "Alright. Nazreen. What do we do?"

"We climb into the repository."

"How does that help. They have the magic phrase to open it."

"I'm sure we will be able to create a defensive position before they do."

Nisbad kicks himself for not thinking of this himself.

Zayed is glad Shayzar did.

"What about my ship?"

"Leave a skeleton crew and sail it away. The traders are sure to choose the repository over your ship."

"That will split our forces."

"Then the only solution left is to run away."

Nisbad can feel the eyes of his crew piercing in his back and sides. They will not like it if he does that at all. He turns to his second-in-command and nods.

His crew cheers.

Nisbad doesn't like Zayed's smile.



"I'll go," Noor says.

"You can't. You need to find Arash," Atossa suggests.

"What about my family?" Parviz pleads.

"I'll go for them," Atossa says.

"You can't. It's too dangerous," Rohzin says.

"Can you do it?" Cyrene asks.

"I'm a very good rider, Mother. I'll get there in time."

Cyrene thinks this is the first time the princess called her that. A warm glow lifts her spirit. She nods. Atossa runs out to find her horse.

"What about the money?" Parvis asks.

"When Arash is back, we can pay your debts."

"That will take days!"



Parviz's house in Isfahan sits on a shaded lane just beyond the southern edge of the royal gardens—a desirable address, close enough to the elite to be

noticed. Inside, the courtyard opens with calculated charm: potted citrus trees placed just so, a central fountain that bubbles with forced enthusiasm, and a newly painted colonnade whose scent of resin still clings in the morning heat. Atossa notices the appearance is better than the upkeep.

The first wife doesn't know what to think of this dusty rider claiming to be a princess and Arash's wife. Only Parviz went to that wedding... and the first. But the royal visitor knows about the letter and offers to take them to Arash's villa. She quickly confers with the second wife, then tells the others and their children to pack light.

Atossa orders the stable boy to prepare the carriages.



Barzin's men watch Parviz's family pack into two carriages and leave. One of them quickly writes a note and attaches it to the pigeon. It's shot down an instant after it flies off. Princess Atossa, bow in hand, salutes them. She forgot to tell Cyrene that she is also an excellent shot.



Tyrus urges his crew on. They need to get to the repository before the men on that other ship manage to find a way inside. His *dhow* should be fast enough to catch up to that heavier *baghlah*, should they escape with his treasure. He estimates a crew of twenty to his fifteen, but if they are split between the ship and the cave, then Tyrus will have the advantage. He orders his five bowmen to prepare for their attack.

The repository is one large, deep cavern. When entering from the outside when the magic door splits open, there is an arched entryway tall enough for two men to walk through side by side, and wide enough for a mule cart to pass with room to spare. The first chamber stretches like a tunnel carved by time and trade. The smell of sandalwood, rust, and damp salt fills the air. Crates are stacked haphazardly near the opening—spices, fabrics, treasure chests with bent corners, statues still swaddled in straw and silk. Nisbad and his men quickly turn them into barricades, angled to force any intruders into a funnel. Shirin strings a net of copper wire between two stacks of saffron jars—thin enough not to be noticed, sharp enough to tear open legs. Shayzar perches above the entry arch, adding a fuse to the oil lamps hanging there.

Zayed can't take his eyes off the ceramic pool with his daughters. His daughters... When he turns, he walks into Noor's arms. She kisses him on the lips. Nazreen wonders if this is yet another one of his wives and how she got here!

After another kiss, Zayed explains their situation.

Noor waves her hand over the magic door. "They won't be able to open it now."

Nisbad is impressed, but it means they are stuck inside. They need to defeat that ship.



Bazrin enters the house. His ten armed men wait outside. Rohzin invites him onto the patio where Parviz is waiting, pale and with hunched shoulders. The deed to his home only needs both their signatures.



Nisbad's men know better than to try and get past Shayzar and Shirin. Zayed, Noor, and Magali whisper their plans. The peri then leaves the two.

With tears forming in his eyes, Zayed asks Magali for forgiveness. How could he have abandoned his daughters?

"It is not I you need to ask, my hero."

"Will they forgive me?"

"Of course: you love them. And we always forgive the people we love and who love us."



The mermaid knows just the place.

Noor snaps her finger.

Tyrus looks back at the rattling of his anchor.

Three tumbling rocks lock it into place. It was hardly an effort for Magali and her daughters.

"They'll just hack it off," Nisbad says. He doesn't understand why the peri won't sink that ship.

"I bought you some time, Captain. Take your men and save yourself."

"But the treasure?"

Noor waves her hand. The magic door opens.

Zayed shrugs. "Call your ship and take what you can. So, will I."

Nisbad motions his crew. "Wait. Peris don't harm others, you say."

Zayed nods.

"Then it won't mind if I leave you behind... Oh, and keep Nazreen." Nisbad goes help his men signal his ship. When the sound of the cavern changes suddenly behind him, he looks back. It's empty!

"My peri can carry a lot," Zayed smiles, then 'pops' in disappearance.

After Tyrus' men cut off the anchor, he speeds towards his repository. He estimates he'll arrive at the same time as Nisbad's ship.



Parviz chews his lips and dips his reed pen in the ink. Before he can put the tip to the deed, Zayed pulls it away. He drops ten bags of gold on the patio table one by one.

Bazrin's smile is crooked.

"You are my brother and you and your family will always be welcome in my home. I love you all."

Parviz nods his head, relieved by his brother's words.

"But think carefully before you return..."

Parviz's first wife is quick to embrace Zayed and escort her husband to their carriage.

Outside, everyone waves Parviz away.

Arash turns around. He opens his arms: "Mother..."

Cyrene hurries into his embrace, tears welling.

"Rohzin... Atossa, Naaira, Noor..." He kisses their heads, their cheeks, their lips. "You are my world... my loves."



This is the first time they are all together in Zayed's bed. It's definitely too small. Nazreen hesitates, but Noor pulls her in.

It doesn't matter whose leg, arm, lip, tit, pussy it is, Zayed loves them all.



A few days later, Zayed swims with Magali and their daughters. Their laughter fills the air, their smiles brighten the dark depths. They want to show

him two recently sunk wrecks. Arash can only dive this deep because Magali kisses air into his lungs.

The wrecks are Tyrus and Nisbad's.

THE END

List of Characters

Arash Zayed

Merchant Zayed feels lost at sea.

Rozhin

The *zambānūg* is Arash's wife.

Cyrene

The mother of Parviz, her eldest, and Arash.

Noor

The beautiful peri that escaped Javad the Elder with Zayed.

Parviz

Arash Zayed's brother who has plans for him.

Shayzar

A magical humanoid lioness.

Shirin

A magical humanoid leopardess.

Naaira

A magical flying carpet who was a woman before and transformed into a *zambānūg*.

Captain Nisbad

The captain needs Merchant Zayed to reach a treasure.

Nazreen

Captain Nisbad's cabin girl helps Merchant Zayed.

Magali

A mermaid who asks Merchant Zayed for help saving their daughters.

Tyrus

Sea captain who hoards his treasure in a magical cavern.

Barzin

The man Parviz owes money.

About the Author

The Original Ensemble Haremlit Autor

Hi! I'm J. Tiffany Noore, creator of [Ensemble HaremLit](#) - where every voice counts and every character's journey matters.

I hope you enjoyed *The Divide of Home - Merchant Zayed's Harem Adventures* 7. If you liked it, please consider leaving a review on [Goodreads](#).

In my worlds, you'll meet relatable guys who find themselves in extraordinary circumstances, surrounded by fabulous, otherworldly women. Together they forge unbreakable bonds through shared adventures and steamy encounters! 🥰

Proud Madisonian, companion to my Persian Queen Cougar 🐆, and grateful for my amazing community of Tiffans!

I announce my next stories on [Facebook](#) and in my [newsletter](#).

Kisses,
-Tiffany

More by J. Tiffany Noore

[Prospector Finch's Harem Adventures](#)

Follow the adventures of Webster Finch as he deals with four extraterrestrials races in the 1860s Gold Rush, in this globe-spanning trilogy. His growing circle of fabulous lovers now include an Alder Artificial Intelligence, a grand Nanken

trader, a Simmix Marshall, and an Ilzed field researcher, a Chinese imperial astronomer, an Ottoman mystic, a Prussian engineer, a Russian captain, a San Francisco socialite, a Japanese samurai, a fake crown princess, a Pinkerton detective, a French journalist, an Alder fembot, and Teshoni Warrior, and a Princess from India, Finch will need every ounce of charm, wit, and stamina!

Be Aware: These are full-length Ensemble Haremlit stories: one man, fabulous harem companions, multiple points-of-view where every voice counts and every character's journey matters. Imagine your favorite TV series where all characters have their own story arcs, or that RPG where companion quests make the story richer.

Fast-paced and no hand-holding.

[Cartographer Tremayne's Harem Adventures](#)

In a Roarin' 20s where interstellar travel is just a ticket away, young Tremayne's parents are abducted under mysterious circumstances. With only his prim AI ship Chastity and a sultry kidnapper named Temperance Darleston for company, Tremayne charts a course through danger, desire, and the darker edges of the solar system. When Chastity fits herself into a fembot body, space never looked so seductive.

Stay tuned for more steamy space adventures with Tremayne, Chastity, Temperance, Marjories and more!

[Steamy Holidays](#)

Short, sweet, and steamy—these holiday tales turn up the heat! I wrote them for Olivia Lawless' Erotic Celebration collections, and trust me, **the seasons were never hotter.**

Red Jack's Pirate Adventures

Captain 'Red' Jack Campbell sails dangerous waters filled with fierce women, forbidden treasures, and steamy surprises. Climb the crow's nest and prepare to follow him on his outrageous adventures across islands, empires, and tangled bedsheets.

Merchant Zayed's Harem Adventures

"Through the mists of magic and moonlight, Merchant Zayed walks a path of seduction, passion, peril, and love."

Step into a world spun from the silken tales of One Thousand and One Nights—in these episodic short stories, magic hums beneath every breath, danger wears perfume, and desire can shift the stars.

From a quest for a mythical desert bloom to battles with ancient sorcerers, Merchant Zayed journeys across empires and enchanted realms. Alongside a growing harem of extraordinary women—some born of magic, others shrouded in secrets—he must navigate conspiracies, rivalries, and passion itself.

The Three Tiffanys

"Three women. One Sultan. Countless secrets—more steamy surprises."

Another take on harems. Set in 1920s Arabia, the story follows **three bold and fabulous American women** who each choose to join the harem of Sultan Farouz I of Rakal Al Sulem... and promptly turn his world upside down.

From palace intrigue and murder to treasure hunts, ghostly traps, and seductive plots, each these episodic short stories brings mystery, adventure, and steamy entanglements—**always with a wink, a curve, and a clever twist.**

To see all my series and latest releases in one place, visit <https://jtn.me/>

HaremLit Communities

Looking for more stories like this one? Want to share your favorite steamy scenes, swap recommendations, or just hang out with other harem-loving readers?

Here are some of the most active HaremLit groups on Facebook, Reddit, and Discord. Join the conversation, meet fellow fans, and discover new authors and stories every day.

HaremLit Groups on Facebook

[HaremLit Readers Group](#)

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